Table of Contents

1. Survivors: The Story of Alfie

Survivors: The Story of Alfie

Hello Wattpad world! Some of you have heard of Survivors! Some of you might have even read book 1 or maybe both of them! I wasn't a huge fan of book 1, but I loved book 2 and "The Wild Pack". I wanted to write a Survivors fanfiction, so I decided I should tell someone's story...and I chose Alfie, a young energetic dog who was hardly more than a pup., who should have never died if not for the cruel actions of a certain Alpha....

Prologue

Alfie stood at the back of the Pack. *Stupid Bella! Why did she have to put me here? Just because I'm the smallest doesn't mean I can't fight!*

The small white dog pushed his way through to the front. The dog-wolf was only a few pawsteps away, towering over Alfie. His pale eyes met the young pup's and his lips curled up in a snarl of half-anger, half-amusement. It was all Alfie could do to keep his legs from trembling. "You let us go!" he demanded with false confidence. "Let my friends go! Who says this is your land?"

The Alpha gave a quiet growl of laughter. "We're only looking for clean water," Alfie continued before he could lose his courage. "You attacked us! You're bad dogs!"

His eyes searched the landscape for a possible escape route. If he could cause a distraction, his friends might get away. *I might die, but surely saving my Packmates is what matters?*

Suddenly, he saw a golden blur between the trees. He looked closer. *It's really him! Lucky's here! He'll save us, just like he saved me after the Big Growl!*

Alfie bared his teeth and tensed his muscles to jump. *Between me and Lucky, we'll send this stupid wolf running back home in no time!*

He sprang into the air, flying rapidly through the air. The Alpha

stood there calmly and raised a massive forepaw. With terror, Alfie tried to halt in mid-air but couldn't. It was much too late to change his mind. Those gigantic claws sailed towards him and tore a large gash in his side. Pain exploded through his body and his vision went red with agony. He hit the ground hard. He tried to move, tried to speak, but found he couldn't.

Suddenly, the ground began to shake. Alfie thought he was imagining it until both Packs began to flee in terror. Two blurry figures...Mickey and Bruno?...grabbed his scruff and dragged him away towards shelter.

Alfie fell unconscious for a little while. When he opened his eyes again, he was lying on the sandy ground with the worried faces of his friends hovering above him.

It was probably a short time but to Alfie, it felt like forever, when a large shape stepped out of the shadows. *Lucky!*

Alfie tried to speak again, but he could not even lift his head off of the ground. A cold, strange darkness hovered at the edge of his vision, approaching slowly but surely like a dog sneaking up behind its prey. Time seemed to slow down.

Images of his life flashed through his head.

Alfie closed his eyes and waited for the end.